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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Examination in English 30 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test (to be administered along with the questions booklet) contains 10 short reading selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama, including the following: "My Magical Metronome" (Lewis Thomas); "Queen Street Trolley" (Dale Zieroth); an excerpt from "The Tragedy of Richard the Third" (William Shakespeare); an excerpt from "Memoir: A Play" (John Murrell); an excerpt from "To See You Again" (Alice Adams); "Devouring Time, Blunt Thou The Lion's Paws" (William Shakespeare); "Natural Complements" (K.C. Cole); "Insouciance" (John W. Dickson); "What You See is the Real You" (Willard Gaylin); and an excerpt from "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" (Brian Moore). (SRT)

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READINGS BOOKLET

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1986

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1986

I. Read "My Magical Metronome" and answer questions 1 to 8 from your Questions Booklet.

MY MAGICAL METRONOME

I woke up, late one Friday night, feeling like the Long Island Railroad thumping at top speed over a patch of bad roadbed. Doctor-fashion, I took my pulse and found it too fast to count accurately. I heaved out of bed and sat in a chair, gloomy, wondering what next. A while later the train slowed down, nearly stopped, and my pulse rate had suddenly dropped to 35. I decided to do some telephoning.

Next thing I knew, I was abed in the intensive care unit of the hospital down the street, intravenous tubes in place, wires leading from several places on my chest and from electrodes on my arms and legs, lights flashing from the monitor behind my bed. If I turned my head sharply I could see the bouncing lines of my electrocardiogram, a totally incomprehensible graffito, dropped beats, long stretches of nothing followed by what looked like exclamation points. The handwriting on the wall, I thought. And illiterate at that.

Now it was Sunday, late afternoon, the monitor still jumpy, alarm lights still signaling trouble, all the usual drugs for restoring cardiac rhythm having been tried, and handwriting still a scrawl. The cardiovascular surgeon at the foot of my bed was explaining that it would have to be a pacemaker, immediately, Sunday late afternoon. What did I think?

What I thought, and then said, was that this was one of the things about which a man is not entitled to his own opinion. Over to you, I said.

About an hour later I was back from the operating theater. Theater is right: the masked surgeon center stage, wonderfully lit, several colleagues as appreciative audience, me as the main prop. The denouement was that famous *deus ex machina* being inserted into the prop's chest wall, my gadget now, my metronome. Best of all, my heart rate an absolutely regular, dependable, reliable 70, capable of speeding up on demand but inflexibly tuned to keep it from dropping below 70. The battery guaranteed to last seven years or thereabouts before needing changing. Plenty of time to worry about that, later on.

Home in a couple of days, up and around doing whatever I felt like, up and down stairs, even pushing furniture from one place to another, then back to work.

Afterthought:

A new, unwarranted but irrepressible kind of vanity. I had come into the presence of a technological marvel, namely me. To be sure, the pacemaker is a wonderful miniature piece of high technology, my friend the surgeon a skilled worker in high technology, but the greatest of wonders is my own pump, my myocardium, capable of accepting electronic instructions from that small black box and doing exactly what it is told. I am exceedingly pleased with my machine-tooled, obedient, responsive self. I would never have thought I had it in me, but now that I have it in me, ticking along soundlessly, flawlessly, I am subject to waves of pure vanity.

Another surprise:

I do not want to know very much about my new technology. I do not even want to have the reasons for needing it fully explained to me. As long as it works, and it does indeed, I prefer to be as mystified by it as I can. This is a surprise. I would have thought that as a reasonably intelligent doctor-patient I would be filled with intelligent, penetrating questions, insisting on comprehending each step in the procedure, making

Continued

my own decisions, even calling the shots. Not a bit of it. I turn out to be the kind of patient who doesn't want to have things explained, only to have things looked after by the real professionals. Just before I left the hospital, the cardiologist brought me a manila envelope filled with reprints, brochures, the pacemaker manufacturer's instructions for physicians listing all the indications, warnings, the things that might go wrong. I have the envelope somewhere, on a closet shelf I think, unexamined. I haven't, to be honest, the faintest idea how a pacemaker works, and I have even less curiosity.

This goes against the wisdom of the times, I know. These days one reads everywhere, especially in the popular magazines, that a patient should take more responsibility, be more assertive, insist on second and third opinions, and above all have everything fully explained by the doctor or, preferably, the doctors, before submitting to treatment. As a physician, I used to think this way myself, but now, as a successful patient, I feel different. Don't explain it to me, I say, go ahead and fix it.

I suppose I should be feeling guilty about this. In a way I do, for I have written and lectured in the past about medicine's excessive dependence on technology in general, and the resultant escalation in the cost of health care. I have been critical of what I called "halfway technologies," designed to shore things up and keep flawed organs functioning beyond their appointed time. And here I am, enjoying precisely this sort of technology, eating my words.

Pacemakers have had a bad press recently, with stories about overutilization, kited prices, kickbacks to doctors and hospitals, a scandal. Probably the stories, some of them anyway, are true. But I rise to the defense of the gadget itself, in which I now have so personal a stake. If anyone had tried to tell me, long ago when I was a medical student, that the day would come when a device the size of a cigarette lighter could be implanted permanently over the heart, with wires extending to the interior of the ventricle, dominating the heart's conduction system and regulating the rhythm with perfection, I would have laughed in his face. If then he had told me that this would happen one day to me, I would have gotten sore. But here it is, incomprehensible, and I rather like it.

Lewis Thomas

II. Read "Queen Street Trolley" and answer questions 9 to 15 from your Questions Booklet.

QUEEN STREET TROLLEY

We form jagged rows of bodies and stand now
like a defeated army, with umbrellas, newspapers
and feet as weapons. No one is talking: the trolley
makes all the noise. We have read
and re-read all the ads. We know the shops
by heart, landmarks to count off time: Rubinoff's,
Shumsky's Jewellers, the Public Exchange Mart or
Eaton's with the display window that changes
twice a week and is never twice the same.

There are nearly fifty people here, all
uncomfortable, none familiar or recognized.
The driver continues to insist there is plenty
of room somewhere at the back. Outside the cars
glide by like brilliantly coloured birds while we
move from stop to stop as something wounded.
Like an unknown Lenin nearing Moscow, I am full
of secret plans for change that are half-forgotten
the moment I am out and walking home.

In the house we are surrounded by nothing more
offensive than tv guides and want ads. We have washed
our hands and prepared for the supper that is
a slow ritual of withdrawal. Here it becomes
safe to dream of quitting work two hours early,
walking out, shouting slogans as we leave. Soon
the laughter begins to come more quickly; the things
that move are moved by us. Control returns.

Yet the heaviness remains. We cannot forget
the timeless clock-watching work, bordered morning
and night by the push and smell of bodies. Already
the morning is in sight. We are not yet asleep
when the journey begins again, full of the
stony senselessness that changes nothing, choked with
a thousand small and nasty turns. Each day
is the same and brings us one day closer to the
angry ideology of random targets and stones.

Dale Zieroth

III. Read the scene from *Richard III* and answer questions 16 to 23 from your Questions Booklet.

from RICHARD III Act I, Scene i

CHARACTERS

King Edward IV – King of England
George, Duke of Clarence – brother of the King
Richard, Duke of Gloucester – brother of the King

London, a street

(*Enter* RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, alone.*)

RICHARD: Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them —
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

Continued

To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes!
(*Enter* CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY, [*Lieutenant of the Tower*].)
Brother, good day. What means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?
CLARENCE: His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
RICHARD: Upon what cause?
CLARENCE: Because my name is George.
RICHARD: Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christ'ned in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?
CLARENCE: Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest
As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be.
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and suchlike toys as these,
Have moved his Highness to commit me now.
RICHARD: Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

William Shakespeare

IV. Read the excerpt from *Memoir* and answer questions 24 to 31 from your Questions Booklet.

from MEMOIR

Pitou is secretary to the aging actress, Sarah Bernhardt. In this scene, rather than have Pitou record her memories, Sarah asks him to help her act them out. Pitou is to play the role of Jarrett, her manager, while she plays herself in a scene from the past.

SARAH: My God, the hours are slipping away from us! Pitou? (*He looks up.*) I have an idea!

PITOU: Oh no.

SARAH: You'll be Mr. Jarrett now. Mr. William Edward Jarrett!

PITOU: But —

SARAH: Mr. Jarrett, that ferocious Englishman who managed all my American tours till he died in Panama — *of* Panama — Mr. Jarrett knocks at the door of my private [railway] car. I am resting. (*She reclines, then looks at* PITOU, *who frowns, doesn't move.*)

SARAH: Mr. Jarrett knocks at my door! Near Detroit. Late evening. *Suddenly I hear. . . ?*
(PITOU *knocks, on the piano.*)

SARAH (*Younger voice*): Who's there, please?

PITOU (*Himself*): Wait a minute.
(*He turns his back, concentrates on the new role, then turns back around, using a pencil for* JARRETT*'s perennial cigar.*)

PITOU (JARRETT, *gruff*): It's I, Miss Bernhardt! Mr. Jarrett! William Edward Jarrett!

SARAH: I have retired for the evening. Good night, Mr. Jarrett.

PITOU (JARRETT): There's something we must discuss, Miss Bernhardt!

SARAH: It can wait till morning!

PITOU (JARRETT): Please let me come in, Miss Bernhardt!

SARAH: Absolutely not! I need my rest. Don't blame me if the schedule is arduous. Go away, Mr. Jarrett!

PITOU (*He shrugs. More as* PITOU *than* JARRETT): As you wish. Pleasant dreams.
(*He sits.*)

SARAH: Pitou!
(*He stands.*)

PITOU: Madame?

SARAH: It is vital that Mr. Jarrett speak with me tonight!

PITOU: You sent him away.

SARAH: William Edward Jarrett would never slink away like a whipped cur! He would bluster his way into my car, yelling like a Cossack! "Bloody hell, Miss Bernhardt! Your so-called bloody delicacy can take the night off! I'm no bloody actor to be sent away with a wink and a promise!"

PITOU: I won't speak to Madame like that! I couldn't!

SARAH: It's not you, Pitou. It's Jarrett. "Bloody actresses, bloody Americans, bloody hotels!" That was his style, his unique charm.

PITOU: I will not say "Bloo-" — *that word!* I know enough English. It's not polite. (SARAH *rolls her eyes, angrily pushes the hair out of her face.*)

Continued

PITOU (*Rapidly*): Perhaps — perhaps I could substitute something less objectionable in place of *that word?* For example, instead of *that word* I could say, oh, some nonsense word, so that you and I would know when Mr. Jarrett would have used *that word* but I'll be spared the anguish of speaking to a lady, such as yourself, in a manner unfit for a gentleman, such as myself, to speak to a lady — (*During all this,* SARAH *has been squirming. She growls, picks up a heavy cushion from her chair, and hurls it at* PITOU *with all her force. A direct hit.* PITOU *pauses, only momentarily, looks at her, stoops, picks up the cushion, smiles tentatively, and, keeping the cushion between himself and* SARAH, *continues even more rapidly.*)

PITOU: For example, instead of "I'm no *that word* actor," I could say "I'm no *so-and-so* actor!"

SARAH (*Searching for something else to throw*): Shut up, Pitou!

PITOU: Or — "I'm no *higgledy-piggledy* actor!"

(*She throws a large book at him. He wards it off with the cushion.*)

SARAH: Pitou. . . Forget Mr. Jarrett's unique charm. Forget "bloody." And *please* forget —

PITOU: Higgledy-piggledy?

SARAH: *Yes!* Simply say what Mr. Jarrett would say, leaving out *all* obscenities. Knock again, Mr. Jarrett, knock again!

(PITOU *drops the cushion, knocks on the piano.*)

SARAH (*Immediately*): Come in, Mr. Jarrett!

(PITOU "*enters,*" *swaggering, with his pencil-cigar.*)

PITOU (JARRETT): How did you know it was I, Miss Bernhardt?

(*She gives him a withering look.*)

SARAH: I'm tired. What do you want?

PITOU (JARRETT): What do I want. . . ?

(*Pause. He hasn't considered this.*)

SARAH: What is it, then? Speak your piece, Mr. Jarrett, and evacuate my bedchamber? *What do you want?*

(*She stares at him. He is near the breaking point, when she finally speaks.*)

SARAH: Unless you intend to trespass again on my private life! (PITOU *moves closer.*) Unless you've come here, driven by an Englishman's innate lack of tact, to speak about my sister? Or about — (*She bites her lip.*) — about *Jacques?*

PITOU (*Recognizing his cue, relieved, as* JARRETT): That's it! About *Jacques!*

SARAH (*Instantly in the scene, furious*): You have persecuted my husband from the start of this tour! Poor Jacques. I promised him he'd be happy in the theater. You didn't even want to hire him as my leading man! Did you? Why not? You have something against Greeks?

PITOU (JARRETT): Miss Bernhardt, this is your fourth American tour —

SARAH: Fifth!

PITOU (JARRETT): You've never brought along the same *masculine luggage* twice! Did I ever complain before? No! You never felt obliged to marry one of them before!

SARAH: But I'm in love with Jacques! Can't you understand —?

PITOU (JARRETT — *getting into it*): Never mind "in love"! I'm talking about *money,* Miss Bernhardt! The only reason we come to this godforsaken country! Your husband is a *business risk.* I won't discuss his shortcomings as a human being. I haven't got the time. The fact is, at every performance, he can't remember his lines, can't remember his moves. Isn't it a fact that he has a weakness for . . . *chemicals?*

Continued

SARAH: Jarrett, you're impertinent! You're using your very lucrative position as my manager to launch an attack on — on a fine man — a continental gentleman. And you won't even call me Madame Damala!

PITOU (JARRETT): The public pays for Sarah Bernhardt! Not Madame Damala! And most certainly not for *Monsieur* Damala!

SARAH (*Out of the scene, serious*): Yes, Pitou. You even have Jarrett's scowl. And you say the same *impossible* things he used to —

PITOU (*Enjoying this role, not wanting to relinquish it, as* JARRETT): Now, now, Miss Bernhardt. Let's stick to one topic at a time! (*Carried away, he throws himself into it*): One *bloody* topic at a time!

SARAH: Pitou!

PITOU (JARRETT): Pitou can't help you now, Miss Bernhardt! I want some *bloody* answers and *bloody* fast!

SARAH: Mr. Jarrett! You are forcing me to choose between you and my — and Monsieur Damala? I warn you, don't do this! You will lose. Jacques *is* my husband. You are only . . . Jacques is my . . . I don't care what you think — any of you! Jacques *is* . . . (*Pause.* MUSIC: *solo woodwind.* PITOU *watches her. It is nearly dark now.* SARAH *puts one hand on her side, closes her eyes. Her face is tight. She is in pain.*)

SARAH: It was my sister Jeanne who introduced me to him. In Paris. Jacques Aristide Damala.

(PITOU *sits, begins taking notes, with difficulty in the semi-darkness.*)

John Murrell

V. Read the excerpt from "By the Sea" and answer questions 32 to 40 from your Questions Booklet.

from BY THE SEA

One day, when Dylan had already decided that Whitney would not come, and not caring really — she was too tired to care, what with extra guests and heavier trays — after she had been in the library for almost half an hour, she heard running steps, his, and then Whitney Iverson burst in, quite out of breath. "Oh . . . I'm glad you're still here," he got out, and he sat down heavily beside her. "I had some terrific news." But then on the verge of telling her, he stopped, and laughed, and said, "But I'm afraid it won't sound all that terrific to you."

Unhelpfully she looked at him.

"The *Yale Review*," he said. "They've taken an article I sent them. I'm really pleased."

He had been right, in that the *Yale Review* was meaningless to Dylan, but his sense of triumph was real and visible to her. She *felt* his success, and she thought just then that he looked wonderful.

September, once Labor Day was past, was much clearer and warmer, the sea a more brilliant blue, than during the summer. Under a light, fleece-clouded sky the water shimmered, all diamonds and gold, and the rocky cliffs in full sunlight were as pale as ivory. Even Dylan admitted to herself that it was beautiful; sometimes she felt herself penetrated by that scenery, her consciousness filled with it.

Whitney Iverson was leaving on the fifteenth; he had told Dylan so, naming the day as they sat together in the library. And then he said, "Would it be okay if I called you at home, sometime?"

The truth was, they didn't have a phone. Her mother had been in so much trouble with the phone company that she didn't want to get into all that again. And so now Dylan blushed, and lied. "Well, maybe not. My mother's really strict."

He blushed, too, the birthmark darkening. "Well, I'll have to come back to see you," he said. "But will you still be here?"

How could she know, especially since he didn't even name a time when he would come? With a careless lack of tact she answered, "I hope not," and then she laughed.

Very seriously he asked, "Well, could we at least go for a walk or something before I go? I could show you the beach." He gave a small laugh, indicating that the beach was really nothing much to see, and then he said, "Dylan, I've wanted so much to see you, I *care* so much for you — but here, there would have been . . . implications . . . you know . . . "

She didn't know; she refused to understand what he meant, unless he was confirming her old suspicion of snobbery: his not wanting to be seen with a waitress. She frowned slightly, and said, "Of course," and thought that she would not, after all, see him again. So much for Whitney Iverson.

But the next afternoon, during her break, in the brilliant September weather the library looked to her unbearably dingy, and all those magazines were so old. She stepped

Continued

outside through the door at the end of the porch, and there was Mr. Iverson, just coming out through another door.

He smiled widely, said, "Perfect! We can just make it before the tide."

Wanting to say that she hadn't meant to go for a walk with him — she was just getting some air, and her shoes were wrong, canvas sandals — Dylan said neither of those things, but followed along, across the yellowing grass, toward the bluff.

He led her to a place that she hadn't known was there, a dip in the headland, from which the beach was only a few yards down, by a not steep, narrow path. Whitney went ahead, first turning back to reach for her hand, which she gave him. Making her way just behind, Dylan was more aware of his touch, of their firmly joined warm hands, than of anything else in the day: the sunlight, the sea, her poorly shod feet.

But as they reached the narrow strip of land, instead of turning to embrace her, although he still held her hand, Whitney cried out, "See? Isn't it fantastic?"

A small wave hit Dylan's left foot, soaking the fabric of her sandal. Unkissed, she stared at the back of his shirt collar, which was more frayed even than his usual shirts, below his slightly too long red-blond hair.

Then he turned to her; he picked up her other hand from her side, gazing intently down into her face. But it was somehow too late. Something within her had turned against him, whether from her wet foot or his worn-out collar, or sheer faulty timing, so that when he said, "You're so lovely, you make me shy," instead of being moved, as she might have been, Dylan thought he sounded silly (a grown man, shy?) and she stepped back a little, away from him.

He could still have kissed her, easily (she later thought), but he did not. Instead, he reached into one of the pockets of his jeans, fishing about, as he said, ". . . for something I wanted you to have."

Had he brought her a present, some small valuable keepsake? Prepared to relent, Dylan then saw that he had not; what he was handing her was a cardboard square, a card, on which were printed his name and telephone number. He said, "I just got these. My mother sent them. She's big on engraving." He grimaced as Dylan thought, Oh, your mother really is an Iverson. "The number's my new bachelor pad," he told her. "It's unlisted. Look, I really wish you'd call me. Any time. Collect. I'll be there." He looked away from her, for a moment out to sea, then down to the sand, where for the first time he seemed to notice her wet foot. "Oh Lord!" he exclaimed. "Will you have to change? I could run you home . . . "

Not liking the fuss, and not at all liking the attention paid to those particular shoes (cheap, flimsy), somewhat coldly Dylan said no; the guests had thinned out and she was going home anyway as soon as the tables had been set up.

"Then I won't see you?"

She gave him her widest, most falsely shining smile, and turned and started up the path ahead of him. At the top she smiled again, and was about to turn away when Whitney grasped her wrist and said, with a startling, unfamiliar scowl, "*Call* me, you hear? I don't want to lose you."

Alice Adams

VI. Read "Devouring Time, Blunt Thou The Lion's Paws" and answer questions 41 to 48 from your Questions Booklet.

DEVOURING TIME, BLUNT THOU THE LION'S PAWS

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix[1] in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

William Shakespeare

[1] phoenix — a legendary Arabian bird that was believed to live five hundred years, then die in fire and be reborn from its own ashes

VII. Read "Natural Complements" and answer questions 49 to 56 from your Questions Booklet.

NATURAL COMPLEMENTS

There is an oft repeated story among physicists about a conversation that took place many years ago between Nobel Prize winners Felix Bloch and Werner Heisenberg. The two famous physicists were walking along a beach while Bloch lectured to Heisenberg on the significance of a new theory on the mathematical structure of space. At length, Heisenberg responded: "Space is blue and birds fly in it."

The story is popular because it illustrates what many physicists believe to be the most profound contribution of quantum theory. This contribution was not a discovery in the normal sense: not a particle, not a new kind of extraterrestrial object or event, not even a theory or an equation. It was, rather, a philosophical outlook that allowed scientists to make sense of the mass of paradoxes that seemed to be making modern physics all but impenetrable. It was the notion of complementarity. And if nothing else, the story of Heisenberg and Bloch captures the essence of complementarity: that one can talk about the same subject in two very different kinds of terms, and that what makes good sense in one context can make absolutely no sense in another.

• • •

It was the physicist Niels Bohr who came up with complementarity as a way of taming these inherent contradictions. He said that the reality of nature required complementary descriptions — more than one point of view. It didn't matter that you could not measure both the motion and position of a particle at the same time; you cannot see both sides of a coin at the same time either. Complementary descriptions are required for a full spectrum of understanding, just as a full array of colors is required to produce pure white. Complements are the yin and yang of science. Or, as the physicist Emilio Segrè wrote, "It is one of the special beauties of science that points of view which seem diametrically opposed turn out later, in a broader perspective, to be both right."

Complementarity is far more than just the physicists' fancy version of "on one hand/on the other hand." It not only says that two opposing views can be correct; it also says that two correct views can be mutually exclusive. . . .The trick to complementarity is knowing when which view is appropriate. Indeed, as physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer pointed out, "the more nearly appropriate the first way of thinking is to a situation, the more wholly inappropriate is the second."

• • •

In the most extreme cases, focusing sharply on one aspect of a situation can actually destroy the other. . . . MIT professor of computer science Joseph Weizenbaum said much the same thing recently in speaking about, of all things, the dangers of over-reliance on computers. "Consider the utility of a microscope," he said. "It magnifies to a very large degree, but essentially it also shuts out the rest of the world. Now there are times when you can't see both: to see the detail, you have to sacrifice the view of the whole organism. But even then it wouldn't make sense to say that what you're seeing in any way resembles the essence of the organism itself."

Weizenbaum, who wrote *Computer Power and Human Reason*, is afraid that society's love affair with computers is a symptom that the scientific mode of thinking is becoming "imperialistic." Not that scientific thinking is bad — only that it is dangerous when it overwhelms all other approaches. "If you wanted to understand the Great Depression of the 1930s and you only looked at Department of Labor statistics and you didn't read novels by people like John Dos Passos because novels are not scientific, then that's bad — because in a very deep way you can learn more by reading the novels."

Weizenbaum's worry is hardly new. Nobel Prize winner Max Born . . . concluded that the trouble lay in the inclination of philosophy and also science toward "final, categorical statements." He wrote, "If quantum theory has any philosophical importance at all, it lies in the fact that it demonstrates the necessity of dual aspects and complementary considerations. . . .Much futile controversy could be avoided in this way."

For centuries, people argued over whether light was essentially a wave or essentially a particle. Today, this seems as superfluous as arguing about whether space is blue or whether it has mathematical properties. Each, in its proper context, is true. This doesn't imply that the "whole truth" lies somewhere in between the two viewpoints: complementarity is not a compromise. It is rather like the sides of a box, or the facets of a problem. What you see depends on what side of the box you look at — which is why light and in fact all energy and matter show up as clumps or quanta in some experiments, and behave like waves in others.

Accepting complementarity merely means accepting that the other side of truth is not necessarily heresy. . . . It seems absurd today that people confined by religious rigidity once considered it a heresy to believe that the sun was the center of the solar system. But scientists like Weizenbaum are now afraid that people may be getting so caught up in their new-found scientific perspectives that they are treating emotional and moral perspectives as heretical. They may be forgetting — or at least dismissing — the fact that space is blue.

If they are, this would be profoundly ironic, for as Born wrote: "This loosening of the rules of thinking seems to me the greatest blessing which modern science has given us . . . .The belief that there is only one truth and that oneself is in possession of it seems to me the deepest root of all the evil that is in the world."

K.C. Cole

VIII. Read "Insouciance" and answer questions 57 to 63 from your Questions Booklet.

INSOUCIANCE[1]

If the craven crow and the fierce-eyed hawk
Swoop over the plain of my wasted years
And the bright plans dwindle to fancy talk
And hope is restrained by a thousand fears,
Mrs. Brady would dash up the walk waving recipes
for fried crow and hawk stew and ask me to speak
at her Women's Club luncheon.

If Life throws up on my outstretched hand
And Fate kicks the buttocks of my dreams
And my heart becomes a desert land
Strewn with the bones of famished schemes,
Mrs. Brady would remark that there is so much of
that intestinal flu going around these days and
spend all afternoon showing me how bone chips can
make a delightful center-piece.

If the sun fades out in the black soot sky
And the reaper comes, as he surely must,
Death-shroud draped over empty eye,
Reducing endless time to dust,
Mrs. Brady would haggle with him a while and
finally agree to pay two dollars for the job
provided he doesn't forget that patch of grass
behind the garage and is sure to trim along the walk.

John W. Dickson

[1] Insouciance—carefree unconcern

IX. Read "What You See is the Real You" and answer questions 64 to 72 from your Questions Booklet.

WHAT YOU SEE IS THE REAL YOU

It was, I believe, the distinguished Nebraska financier Father Edward J. Flanagan[1] who professed to having "never met a bad boy." Having, myself, met a remarkable number of bad boys, it might seem that either our experiences were drastically different or we were using the word "bad" differently. I suspect neither is true, but rather that the Father was appraising the "inner man," while I, in fact, do not acknowledge the existence of inner people.

Since we psychoanalysts have unwittingly contributed to this confusion, let one, at least, attempt a small rectifying effort. Psychoanalytic data — which should be viewed as supplementary information — is, unfortunately, often viewed as alternative (and superior) explanation. This has led to the prevalent tendency to think of the "inner" man as the real man and the outer man as an illusion or pretender.

While psychoanalysis supplies us with an incredibly useful tool for explaining the motives and purposes underlying human behavior, most of this has little bearing on the moral nature of that behavior.

Like roentgenology, psychoanalysis is a fascinating, but relatively new, means of illuminating the person. But few of us are prepared to substitute an X-ray of Grandfather's head for the portrait that hangs in the parlor. The inside of the man represents another view, not a truer one. A man may not always be what he appears to be, but what he appears to be is always a significant part of what he is. A man is the sum total of *all* his behavior. To probe for unconscious determinants of behavior and then define *him* in their terms exclusively, ignoring his overt behavior altogether, is a greater distortion than ignoring the unconscious completely.

Kurt Vonnegut has said, "You are what you pretend to be," which is simply another way of saying, you are what we (all of us) perceive you to be, not what you think you are.

Consider for a moment the case of the 90-year-old man on his deathbed (surely the Talmud[2] must deal with this?) joyous and relieved over the success of his deception. For 90 years he has shielded his evil nature from public observation. For 90 years he has affected courtesy, kindness, and generosity — suppressing all the malice he knew was within him while he calculatedly and artificially substituted grace and charity. All his life he had been fooling the world into believing he was a good man. This "evil" man will, I predict, be welcomed into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Similarly, I will not be told that the young man who earns his pocket money by mugging old ladies is "really" a good boy. Even my generous and expansive definition of goodness will not accommodate that particular form of self-advancement.

[1] Father Edward J. Flanagan — founder of Boy's Town orphanage
[2] Talmud — body of Jewish religious and civil law

Continued

It does not count that beneath the rough exterior he has a heart — or, for that matter, an entire innards — of purest gold, locked away from human perception. You are for the most part what you seem to be, not what you would wish to be, nor, indeed, what you believe yourself to be.

Spare me, therefore, your good intentions, your inner sensitivities, your unarticulated and unexpressed love. And spare me also those tedious psychohistories which — by exposing the goodness inside the bad man, and the evil in the good — invariably establish a vulgar and perverse egalitarianism, as if the arrangement of what is outside and what inside makes no moral difference.

Saint Francis may, in his unconscious, indeed have been compensating for, and denying, destructive, unconscious Oedipal impulses identical to those which Attila projected and acted on. But the similarity of the unconscious constellations in the two men matters precious little, if it does not distinguish between them.

I do not care to learn that Hitler's heart was in the right place. A knowledge of the unconscious life of the man may be an adjunct to understanding his behavior. It is *not* a substitute for his behavior in describing him.

The inner man is a fantasy. If it helps you to identify with one, by all means, do so; preserve it, cherish it, embrace it, but do not present it to others for evaluation or consideration, for excuse or exculpation,[3] or, for that matter, for punishment or disapproval.

Like any fantasy, it serves your purposes alone. It has no standing in the real world which we share with each other. Those character traits, those attitudes, that behavior — that strange and alien stuff sticking out all over you — *that's the real you!*

Willard Gaylin

[3] exculpation — freedom from blame

X. Read the excerpt from *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* and answer questions 73 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY

Fifteen dollars and three cents. He counted it and put it in his trouser-pocket. Then picked his Tyrolean hat off the dresser, wondering if the two Alpine buttons and the little brush dingus in the hatband weren't a shade jaunty for the place he was going. Still, they might be lucky to him. And it was a lovely morning, clear and crisp and clean. Maybe that was a good augury. Maybe today his ship would come in.

James Francis (Ginger) Coffey . . . Yes, when the good Lord was handing out looks, Coffey considered he had not been last in line. Now, in his prime, he considered himself a fine big fellow with a soldierly straightness to him, his red hair thick as ever and a fine mustache to boot. And another thing. He believed that clothes made the man and the man he had made of himself was a Dublin squire. Sports clothes took years off him, he thought, and he always bought the very best of stuff. As he rode downtown on the bus that morning there wasn't a soul in Montreal who would say There goes a man who's out of work. . . . Not on your earthly. Not even when he went through the doorway of the Unemployment Insurance Commission and marched right up to *Executive and Professional*, which seemed the right place for him. "Fill it out at the table over there, Mr. Coffey," said the counter clerk. . . .

The wooden plaque in front of the young man who looked over his application bore the name J. DONNELLY. And naturally J. Donnelly, like all Irish Canadians, noticed Coffey's brogue and came out with a couple of introductory jokes about the Ould Sod. But the jokes weren't half as painful as what came after them.

"I see you have your B.A., Mr. Coffey. Have your ever considered teaching as a profession? We're very short of teachers here in Canada."

"Holy smoke," said Coffey, giving J. Donnelly an honest grin. "That was years ago. Sure, I've forgotten every stitch."

"I see," J. Donnelly said. "But I'm not quite clear why you've put down for a public relations job? Apart from your — ah — Army experience, that is?"

"Well now," Coffey explained. "My work over here as Canadian representative for those three firms you see there, why that was all promotion. Public relations, you might call it."

"I see. . . . But, frankly, Mr. Coffey, I'm afraid that experience would hardly qualify you for a public relations position. I mean, a senior one."

There was a silence. Coffey fiddled with the little brush dingus in his hat. "Well now, look here," he began. "I'll put my cards on the table, Mr. Donnelly. These firms that sent me out here wanted me to come back to Ireland when they gave up the North American market. But I said no. And the reason I said no is because I thought Canada was the land of opportunity. Now, because of that, because I want to stay, no matter what, well, perhaps I have to accept a more junior position here than what I was used to at home. Now, supposing you make me an offer . . . "

Continued

J. Donnelly stood up. "Well, if you'll just wait, I'll check our files. Excuse me."

"You might be in luck, Mr. Coffey," he said. "There's a job just come in this morning for assistant editor on the publication of a large nickel company. Not your line exactly, but you might try it?"

What could Coffey say? He was no hand at writing. Still, needs must and he had written a few Army releases in his day. He accepted the slip of paper and thanked the man.

"I'll phone them and tell them you'll be on deck at eleven," J. Donnelly said. . . .

"Good luck," J. Donnelly said. "The luck of the Irish, eh, Mr. Coffey?". . .

At two-thirty Mona Prentiss, receptionist, went into the office of Georges Paul-Emile Beauchemin, Public Relations Director of Canada Nickel, and handed him Coffey's application form. Yes, the man was outside and had been waiting since this morning. Would Mr. Beauchemin care to see him? . . .

"This is Mr. Coffey, sir," she said, shutting the door on them. And hooray! The face that fits. Because, by some miracle, Coffey had met Mr. Beauchemin, had met him last November at a party in the Press Club where the Coffeys had been Gerry Grosvenor's guests.

"Hello there," Coffey said, jovially advancing with his large hand outstretched, the ends of his mustache lifting in a smile. And Beauchemin took the proferred hand, his mind running back, trying to place this guy. He could not recall him at all. Look at this one with his tiny green hat, short bulky car coat and suede boots. A man that age should know better than to dress like a college boy, Beauchemin thought. He looked at Coffey's red face and large military mustache. . . .

"I don't suppose you remember me?" Coffey said. "Ginger Coffey. Was with Cootehill Distilleries here. Met you at a Press Club do once with Gerry Grosvenor, the cartoonist."

"Oh yes, eh?" Beauchemin said vaguely. "Old Gerry, eh? You're — ah — you're Irish, eh?"

"Yes," Coffey said.

"Good old Paddy's Day, eh?"

"Yes."

"Lots of Irish out here, you know. Last year I took my little girl out to see the Paddy's Day parade on Sherbrooke Street. Lot of fun, eh?". . .

"Yes, isn't it?" Coffey said.

"So you're not with — ah —" Beauchemin glanced at the application form — "not with Distillery any more?"

"Well, no. We had a change of top brass at home, and they wanted me to come back. But I like it here, we were more or less settled, kiddy in school and so on. Hard changing schools in mid-term, so I decided to chance my luck and stay on."

"Sure," Beauchemin said. "Cigarette?" Perhaps this guy had been sent by someone from upstairs. It was wise to check. "How did you know we were looking for an editorial assistant, eh?"

Coffey looked at his little green hat. "Well, it was the — ah — the Unemployment Commission people. They mentioned it."

Reassured (for if it had been a brass recommendation he would have had to send a memo), Beauchemin leaned back, openly picked up the application form. A nobody. Seventeen from fifty-six is thirty-nine. Let him out on age.

Continued

"Well, that's too bad," he said. "Because — what did you say your first name was again?"

"Ginger. Had it since I was a boy. Red hair, you see."

"Well, Gin-ger, I'm afraid this job's not for you. We want a junior."

"Oh?"

"Yes, some kid who's maybe worked a couple of years on a suburban weekly, someone we can train, bring along, promote him if he works out."

"I see," Coffey said. He sat for a moment, eyeing his hat. Fool! Stupid blundering fool! Why didn't you wait to see if he remembered you? He doesn't know you from a hole in the wall, coming in with your hand out! Oh God! Get up, say thank you and go away. . . . This is no time for pride. Try? Ask? "Well," Coffey said, "as a matter of fact, my experience has all been on the other side of the water. I imagine it's quite different here. Maybe — maybe I'd need to start lower on the scale? Learn the ropes as I go along?"

Beauchemin looked at the man's ruddy face, the embarrassed eyes. Worked for a distillery, did he? Maybe they let him go because he was too sold on the product? "Frankly, Gin-ger," he said, "you wouldn't fit into the pension plan. You know it's a union-management deal. The older a man comes in, the more expensive for the others in the plan. You know how these things work."

"But I wouldn't mind if you left me out of the pension plan?"

"Sorry."

"But — but we New Canadians," Coffey began. "I mean, we can't all be boys of twenty, can we? We have to start somewhere? I mean" — he said, dropping his eyes to his hat once more — "I'll put it to you straight. I'd appreciate it if you'd make an exception."

"Sorry," Beauchemin said. He stood up. "I tell you what, Gin-ger. You leave your name and address with Mona, outside. If we think of anything we'll get in touch with you, okay? But don't pass up any other offers, meantime. All right? Glad to have met you again. Give my regards to Gerry, will you? And good luck."

Beauchemin shook hands and watched Coffey put on his silly little hat. . . . "And shut the door, will you?"

Brian Moore

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